OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Fireflies. When the last faint glow of the daylight In purple and gold from the Western And when out from the dusky woodland

Night's army of shadows comes trooping

Bright flashing lights as in mimicry seem

Airily over the meadows to float. Some say that the fairles with tiny lamps Are hastening their midnight revels to bosom, softened its voice a bit, or at And that far in the wood in elfin camps

They dance all night when the world swift-falling, each brilliant spark

hurled. Till lost in the shadows of forests dark. But a slender maid, with mouth like a rose. Whispers a legend I had not guessed,

While a prisoned firefly fitfully glows, "When Eros, the god of lovers, one night Sped lightly from vine-clad bower to

Where eyes were ashine with a soft love-

He rejoiced at each softly whispered word, Each passionate murmur and gentle sigh, heard

So the good god Eros, in tender mood, Said, "Lo! I will give to these love words

They shall live in the garden, field and So he flung them out on the dewy night-Over fragrant hedges where roses swoon, Where the green earth swam in the mellow

Of a royally golden summer moon, Where the lilies droop in a tender dream, These winged words of passion still flash and flame

And year after year you may catch the gleam Of fitful fires which are ever the same,

No love word, therefore, can ever be lost-It shineth forever amid the flowers, Since out on the lang'rous night they were tossed By Eros who ruleth these summer hours.

Then who shall say they live but for a Clasping a warm hand unsheathed from

"'Tis a foolish skeptic who doubts." I say "He will never doubt more if once he love." Indianapolis. -Carolyn L. Bacon. An Ideal.

Long years, within an attic's obscure light, The sculptor toiled at his enchanting Embodying his soul's creative dream

With patient art and deep-inspired in-The frost fiend came, and in the moon's

Looked through the window with its icy Marking the moist clay image for its

Sleepless with joy, the artist felt the chill, And rising from his thinly-furnished bed,

Around his fond heart's idol they were Next morn friends found the old man cold

and still. The statue safe-the ideal of the dead. -Fred Leigh Cochin. Spencer, Ind.

Wanderers. We followed the path of years, And walked for a while together Through the hills of hope and the vale of Sunned by laughter and washed by tears, In the best and worst of weather,

Till we came to a gloomy wood, Where our steps were forced asunder By the twisted, tangled trees that stood, Meeting above like a frowning hood, With a world of darkness under.

And whenever by chance we met In the woodland's open spaces, We were bruised and tattered and solled With much to pity-forgive-forget, In our scarred and dusty faces.

Well-it was long ago, And the leaves in the wood are falling. As we wander wearily to and fro, With many a change in our hearts I know-But still I can hear you calling. . -Arthur Legge.

A Wild Rose. Down in the depths of a valley, Afar from the crowded street, It grows in the wayside grasses, With fragrance pure and sweet.

Out from the bank of the river, It bends to the passing wave; Fair with the hues of beauty, The first bright sunset gave. Again in the deep dim forest Where the winds in softness sigh,

It comes in its queenly splendor, Ere summer days go by. The dew lies soft on its petals, The bee its sweetness knows, As it grows in God's own garden,

A lovely wayside rose. -Good Housekeeping. The Divine Rewards.

"The world is hard with me; God loves me An old man said, whom Fortune had forgot, "I've done my best to live aright," said he, "But gold I've none. This God, He cannot

His little daughter, fairy tressed, her face In sunny smiles bewreathed and full of His cold hand took in hers. "Is God's coin She softly said, "With money are His bless-ings told."

-C. Neal Barney. Charged with Forgery. CHEYENNE, Wyo., Sept. 14.-W. R. Steb-hins, of Kansas City, Kan., one of the best-known men in banking and business circles throughout the West, was arrested here yesterday by Sheriff Armstrong, of Crook county, on a charge of forgery. He was taken to Sun Dance, where he will be given

a hearing next week.

Nicotine Neutralized TOBACCO

#### "Meetin' Sunday."

Mills, and meetin' Sunday came only once in three weeks in that locality. It is only a little backwoods hamlet, and elder Cole as for the one at the milis. There was a pleasant stir and bustle everywhere. In shining splendor from heaven remote, out in the bushes by the river. And the river itself, an untamed thing that was fretted to madness by great jagged rocks and could never bear a sail on its flerce influence of the day, and sang a harmonious contralto to the delicate treble

Services were held in the schoolhouse, a low, white painted building under the shadow of some tall pines in the midst of flaming meteor downward the settlement, and around this modest edifice all sorts of odd and grotesque vehicles were already gathered, though it was not long after 9 o'clock-hay wagons, ox-carts, a dilapidated old stage coach, a tin-peddler's cart which had Fast fettered in snowy lace at her breast; come miles across the country with a large family stowed away in its mysterious nooks and crannies (the flaxen heads of the children peeping from a drawer at the back where glassware Entranced by the spell of his wondrous | was carried on week-days), and two or three clumsy old-fashioned chaises which looked as if they had strayed out of a Fourth of July procession of horribles. And resolved as these lovers vows he But only a few elderly people had entered the place of worship as yet. The That earth's sweetest music should never | morning was too lovely and enticing out | er, in her high-keyed whisper. "Don't of the house was pretty well filled with | real endifferent and unmoved." chattering groups and deeply absorbed and cheerful, though somewhat rude and And shine forever, the beautiful things." | dingy, conversation was carried on in whispers, as a general thing, and was evidently of a deeply private character.

> "What time does meetin' begin?" inquired an old lady, with a particularly and breathe, he's got another minister edified expression of countenance, one with him, a young one, too, fine as a cotof a group of three in a nook by the win- ton hat,"-and all three ladies turned dow. She was a stranger, and was visit- squarely in their seats and readjusted ing her cousin, Mrs. Clark, the lady at her left hand.

"Oh, when the elder gits here. He's most always late," replied Mrs. Clark. "'Tis so, he is," said the third lady, Mrs. Fisher, an intimate friend of Mrs. "It takes his wife so git ready to go anysometimes 'tis about noon when he gits to preachin'. She's kinder pretty, or at least she thinks so, and her bunnits are a wonder o' creation; and I've seen her myself standin' before the lookin'-glass much as a quarter of an hour a-puttin' one of 'em on. They say she sp'ilt a beautiful funeral, down along, once, a-keepin' the elder laggin' behind while she primped up. An elder never 'd oughter have a picter for a wife, anyhow. Still, she's always bein' an example, from speakin' in meetin' down to makin' nutcakes and spankin' children and bein' economical about

"I'm 'fraid he'll be real late to-day, for there was heavy rains last week and The model now was done. That very night | the roads is always kinder bad-all stumps and stones and bog and bushes," sighed Mrs. Clark. "It's a fifteen-mile drive 't he has to take, anyhow," she

> "I should think he'd be likely to lose grace dretful before he got here, on such a jolty road as that," remarked Mrs. Leonard, the visitor.

"Well, the elder's fat, real fat and hearty, and I guess after you've heard He took the blankets, and with tender skill him preach you won't think he's lost much," said Mrs. Clark.

"No. but I think it kinder irritates him, bein' shook up so, and he's harder on sinners 'n he wold be if he jest come a mile or two, comfortable, and his stomich could remember more about his breakfast." said Mrs. Fisher. "I always notice, when the road is particular bad, that Dave Clewly never fails to git an uncommon rakin' over. Of course he don't call no names, but we all know who he means well enough, exceptin' mebbe David himself. I s'pose he don't or he wouldn't hev the elder here, he'd be so mad. He pays half his salary himself. He could well afford to keep a settled minister here all the time, and not draw from nobody else's pocket, but he's tight, tight as the bark of a tree, and he'd rather put up with a little speck of the gospil than to pay any

more 'n he does for it now.' "I don't see how he can help takin' it to himself," said Mrs. Clark. "But there, he's got sech a queer, unlikely sort of conscience, there's no tellin' what he does take and what he don't. Mebbe he really thinks he's done right himself, for he's proper pious. I reckon he don't see the light clear. As the elder said last meetin' Sunday, sometimes 'tis a beam frum heaven that leads folks astray." "Cat's fool," exclaimed Mrs. Fisher. "I

b'lieve 'tis always their own wicked day." hearts, though I pray to be as cheritable

treated his only son. Well, you see, when Jack was a boy only about fourteen or fifteen year old, he and a boy 't was visitin' him-they were both home tion-went off on some kind of a boyish | speak. spree and broke into Zeke Thempson's on, a five-dollar bill apiece from the till. Twas a dretful thing to do, I know, but got in with a pretty wild set down there mon afore he opened his mouth."
to school, and the boy 't was with him "And now abideth these three, was two years older, and one of the his fun that I used ter think he'd fairly sympathy, a deep and earnest purpose. bust sometimes, but he was real manly and gen'rous, too, nothing mean about him, and when he'd got kinder sobered told the whole story, while the other their whole attention upon him. right off. There was a man down to the tle with Zeke Thompson, and as for him,

inquired the visitor. replied Mrs. Fisher, whose lips had been working through the whole of Mrs. Clark's recital. "She's dead calmb, she's always dead calmb. She's one of them separated us." And she run right up to "Nobody knows whether she is or not," always dead calmb. She's one of them women that you can't get at nohow. Mary Olive Walker, that was workin' there at that time, says she didn't take on none when that boy left the house for the last time, though she couldn't help to boo-hooin' right out herself. He didn't shed no tears, neither, nor make no ap-

peal, but Mary Olive sald he had a kind of dazed look in his eyes when he bid his mother good-bye. He was alwus clear It was meetin' Sunday at Clewly's grit, that boy was-the best little feller I ever see, in spite of his wild ways. We was real poor when we fust come here-I ain't ashamed to own it; and one winpreached for two other societies as well so'st he couldn't work, and there was a month or two when I thought to goodness me and the children must starve. When the fair stars born of the darkness Even the birds seemed to know what everything in the house, the bitterest cold day it was, and sang their very hearts | day you ever see, I went over to Thompson's store and tried to git him to let me have a few more things on trust—a little flour and some meal and so on. But he said he couldn't do it-he was 'most out of things, anyhow, for his cash cusomers, and the goin' was so awful bad he didn't know when he could git in a least seemed to do so, under the benign | new stock. But he had plenty of meal and flour, for I see 'em when I come

out of the store. I couldn't help cryin' I feit so despairin', when who should come a-runnin' after me but little Jack Clewly, and says he, 'Don't cry, Mis' Fisher; see, I've got a dollar for you. My uncle give it to me when he was up here, Christmas time, and I was to do jest what I pleased with it, so I'll give it to you, and you can go back to the store and buy what you want; but don't tell father.' And after that he come to my house one day with a quarter tight in his little brown fist, that he said he'd earnt a-purpose for me, a-doin' errants for the men over to Doolittle's camp. The little dear, I guess I shan't never forgit him if I live to be a hundred."

"That was just like him," said Mrs. Clark. "He was real good in spite of his mischief, and his father and mother peared to set everything by him. They catilated to make a minister of him. His grandfather on his mother's side was one-real powerful, too, they say-and Dave's brother Sam, his uncle, is a Baptist elder, located in a city somewheres

of doors, and the pine grove at the back | she look calmb, now?-dretful sober, but "I should say she looked kinder sot on," said the visitor, "though she does couples. In the interior, which was cool look calmb, too; end he looks as if he'd seen trouble, but his eyes are sharp

enough, as if they'd bore holes in ye like

'There, there they be, now, Dave Clew-

"Well, here's the elder, too, so we shall have to quit talkin'," said Mrs. Clark. "And," craning her neck to get a better placed her fan and her pink posy on the desk before her with mathematical precision, and the other ladies did the same with their handkerchiefs and hymnbooks; then all three drew long sighs as if to expel the worldliness which they had absorbed during this season of gossip, and be prepared to take in fresh

draughts of gospel truth. The elder's wife, in a new bonnet of lavender and pink, entered the schoolhouse at that moment, and sat in beauty on a back seat. Then came the elder with the strange minister, and upon their heels the young people who had been sitting outside bustled in and somewhat noisily seated themselves.

The young men regarded the young minister with evident disapproval. He looked like a superior being. His face was pale and intellectual, his hands were white and beautifully kept. The elder, who knew how to put a raft together. and could fell timber and raise potatoes with the best of them, had hands as brown and horny as their own. The younger man's clothes were of the finest, and there was something miraculous in the way in which they fitted his tall, manly figure. The elder's Sunday clothes were not impressive. "I swan, what a pink-'n'-white posy of a parson,' was the loud whisper which echoed about us with his store clothes and the preachder where he gits that balm of ten thouhis complexion with."

with satisfying fervor and with a volume congregation joined with one accord. Then followed a short but fervent prayer, delivered in so loud a tone that all the echoes in the neighborhood responded. and the astonished birds in the branches outside were hushed for the moment. "Now we'll try a hymn that ain't quite

so familiar, takin' some care to get it

started right. Brother Franklin White,

will you give us the pitch?" said the el-And Brother Franklin White arose, and, pulling an old-lashioned tuning fork from his pocket, gave it a solemn bite, and, holding it to his ear, exclaimed, "Do mi sol do," without varying his tone in the least. But the congregation got the pitch and the "Sweet By and By"--a that time-soared rather tremulously, but yet not unmelodiously, toward the

"Now, said the elder, we will listen to the preachin' of our dear young brother from Massachusetts, whose services I was so fortunate as to obtain for this

The young brother arose and stood silently before the congregation for a mo- was wrong all along, but my will was dence that was required. "In spite of this "What has David Clewly done in par- ment or two. The scent of wild raspber- too strong and my pride too upper-tic'lar?" inquired the visitor, with deep ries came in at the open windows; a handed to 'low me to confess. I knew interest. "We're all pore, mis'able sin- hermit-thrush was chanting his raptur- what the elder thought o' me, well ous psalm in the wood not far distant. "Why, ain't you heard?" said Mrs. One might have heard a pin drop, there Clark. "I thought everybody in the was something so strangely impressive in county of Aroostick had heard how he the minister's appearance as he stood was something so strangely impressive in | wicked heart by the grace o' God, and I thus silently before them.

There was no more thought of ridiculing his "preachin' handkerchief" or his delicate complexion. The congregafrom the 'cademy down river on a vaca- tion waited breathlessly for him to

"I knowed as soon as he got up that he store, and took, besides a lot o' fire- wa'n't so rose-and-lily an he looked; crackers and candy gooseb'ries and so that he'd fit and bled somewheres as well's the rest of us," said the worst of the scoffers afterwards. "And I knowed. Jack was real young, and I guess he'd | too, that he was something out o' com-

"And now abideth these three, faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of was two years older, and one of the hope and charty, but the gratest of wildest, and he led him on, though Jack these is charity," he repeated in deep, never said so when he confessed. He earnest tones, while his eyes wandered took all the blame to himself. He was slowly over the congregation with a look a real spirited, excitable feller, so full of of brotherhood in them, an appeal for

And even the graceless youngsters who were wont to get behind Mrs. Eunice Ward and Miss Hepsy Birch, the down toward the next night, Fourth of two broadest-backed women in the house, July was about over-twas Fourth of for the sake of diverting their minds by July time-he began to realize what he'd a game of cat's cradle now and then. done, and went right to his father and through the elder's long discourses, fixed boy took to his heels and run home, and preached entirely without notes, and left him to bear the brunt of it all. But taking this beautiful text, "But the Jack didn't flinch, though it must have greatest of these is charity," he did not been dretful hard, for an uglier and soar over the heads of his hearers, as sterner man can't be found, when there's even the elder did sometimes -for the the least occasion for bein' so, than Dave elder loved gorgeous and flowery sen-Clewly. Jack had a new canoe that his tences—but spoke with the simple direct-father'd just bought for him, and he ness of a child. He preached the gospel wanted to sell it and go and pay Zeke of fresh starts, of forgiveness. He dwelt, too, upon the terrible sears which sin creek all ready to take it. But Dave leaves upon the human soul and urged jest gave him one of them awful dark his hearers, with an earnestness which looks, when them sharp black eyes of seemed to touch all their hearts, to for-his'n jest turn to steel, and said he'd set-"Just as he was getting toward the most he wanted him to go right out of his beautiful endin' to his sermon," to quote sight and never let him see him ag'in. from Mrs. Fisher as she related the He warn't a-goin' to shelter thieves un- story to a stay-at-home relative, "and der his roof, noway. He orter be able the place seemed full of white doves to earn his own livin, and if he warn't, a-hoverin' overhead, there came a he might starve, for all he cared. And strange interruption to the meetin'. the boy went, and he never has seen Mrs. Clewly, who had been settin' with him ag'in, and ain't never likely to, 's her eyes glued to the young minister's fur as I can see, for 'twas more'n sixteen face, with her hands clasped tight together while she leaned forward as if she was drinking in every word he said. son? How did his mother take it? Ain't all of a sudden rose up in her seat, she made of flesh and blood heither?" a-screamin out. "Jack, Jack, I can't stan' any more o' this preachin'; I've got to take you in my arms. Why, I'm

## FAIR WEEK AT THE THEATERS



ENGLISH'S HOUSE.

OPENING TO-MORROW NIGHT. ...ALL FAIR WEEK...

Matinees :: Tuesday, HANLONS' GREAT PANTOMIME,

## SUPERBA

Grand Corps De Ballet, Beautiful Scenic Spectacle, Grotesque French Dances, Descriptive Songs, Acrobatic Feats, The Funny Tumblers, Clowns, Sprites, Elfs, Gnomes, Fairies, Bewildering Tricks, Fun.



PRICES-Night: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee: 25c, 50c.

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE

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. . A MELODRAMA . . (By Hadden Chambers and B. C. Stephenson.

THE FATAL CARD

Management of Gustave Frohman. "One of the sights of the city."-New York Herald. Surpassing all others in Grandeur, Greatness and Picturesque Effects. Exceptionally Strong Cast.

NIGHT PRICES-25c, 50c, 15c and \$1. MATINEE-25c and 50c,

ON

STAGE

#### FAIR WEEK!

Everybody Goes to the Park

Theater cooled by Electric Fans!

Bicycles checked free.

I've set out to walk down through the EMPIRE-Fair Week woods a-searchin' after ye.' "But he 'peared to have forgot where

he was, too, for he left off preachin', the house. "S'pose he means to scare and cried right out, 'Mother, mother,' and pulled her head down on his shoulin' handkercher 'round his neck. Won- | der, and all the people riz to their feet, and there warn't scarce a dry eye in sand roses or something that he makes | the house, and everybody that had religion, and some that hadn't, kep' a-say-A general titter followed, and the el- in', 'Bless the Lord, bless the Lord,' and der rapped sharply on the desk to en- | then the elder held up his hand, real solforce silence. Then, rising in his seat, emn, and there was a hush while he said, he gave out the opening hymn, "Come, ye | as he never said before, 'And now abidthat love the Lord," which was sung | eth these three, faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity; and that made the rafters ring. The whole | the love of God abide with you all, forever and ever, amen.'

"And all this time Dave had been a-standin' in the background, and kinder meltin' by degrees. In the fust place, he grew pale as death; then he nung his head a little, but didn't come for ard or act as if he was really sensin' what was goin' on. But when Jack called his mother by name, you could see the tears begin to gather in them dretful sharp eyes o' his, and his mouth was workin' like a baby afore he cries out loud. And after the elder give that real blessed benediction, what did he do but kinder totter up to where they was a-standin' wrapped in each other's arms, for he 'peared to have growed kinder weak, and says he, in a voice all husky and hymn common "down along," but which | broke: 'Is there forgiveness for such as | had only just reached the backwoods at | me, Jack? I wronged you terrible; I'-"Oh, father, I need forgiveness, too. What I did was terrible," Jack inter-

> But his father wouldn't near any confession from him, but, with his hand still clasped in Jack's, after they'd clung together for a minute like two women, he turned and faced the congregation.

rupted.

preach down my will and conquer my really hoped he would have the power to do it-I really hoped so, strange as it may seem; but now, bless the Lord, the time has come, and I want you ail to pray for me that I may continer to walk in humility and charity, and that love that my dear son has been tellin' us about this mornin'. It seems amazin' that I should be so blessed, for the Lord has overcome me with mercies instead of evil, and I deserved nothing but evil." Then Jack's mother cried out: 'Oh, I'm so thankful, so thankful,' and she had one arm 'round Dave's neck and the other 'round Jack's, and the folks all call 'Amen' and 'Bless the Lord' again, and then they came a-crowdin' round them three happy, united people to shake hands and rejoice with 'em. I guess Clewly's Mill folks won't soon forget this meetin' Sunday. To-night there's goin' to be a reg'lar love-feast to the schoolhouse, and Jack-I s'pose I'd orter say the Reverend John Clewly-s a'goin' to relate some of his experiences sence he's been gone. It 'pears that some rich man got interested in him and helped him through college and set him up a-preachin', seein', when he warn't more'n a boy, that he had a call. He had some hard struggles at fust, I b'lieve, but now he's settled over some great city meetin'-

And the relative to whom this part of the story was related said that she never should cease to regret, as long as she lived, that she 'lowed a little flyin' spell of neurology to keep her away from meetin' that mornin', but she felt the blessedness of the goin's-on, somehow, even while she was layin' abed with burdocks on her feet and a ginger and pepper poultice on her face.

-Susan Hartley Swett, in The Outlook. MORE DELUDED CLAIMANTS.

Another Fictitious English Estate Claimed by American Heirs.

for the American market have recently turned out a new specimen of their handi-work, and certain "heirs" are now eagerly bidding for it. This new property is the Alexander estate, "valued at over \$100,000,-000," and the three "heirs," as we learn from long stories published in newspapers which are big enough and old enough to which are big enough and old enough to know better, are Alexander Johnson Pyle of Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Emeline Hukill of Treoma, Wash., and Mrs. Elizabeth Mc-Donald of Carthage, O. Woodcuts of these prospective millionaires are now appearing in the Western press. It may be noticed that Mr. Pyle, who is the foremost "heir" and bidder, resides in the town where the Rev. George William Burgoyne Howard, by far the most enterprising manufacturer of such estates who has ever done business in America and London, was prosecuted by the government and sen-

## Opening To-Morrow Matinee



Most Thrilling of Border Dramas.

America's PEOPLE

25-Horses, Trained and Wild-25 Mammoth Rocky Mountain Bears - 2 A Band of Wild Indians.

The Horse Fall from Bridge. The Cowboy Band!

The Wrestling Bears!
The Bowie Knife Duel!
The Indian Ghost Dance!

### Commencing To-morrow, Matinee. Matinee daily at 2-10c, 15c, and 25c.

THE GREAT BIG SENSATION!

Music, Charming Dances, Beautiful Marches, Cylones of Merr.ment. A New, Up-to-Date Musical Burlesque,

SEASIDE ... FROLICS. THE CREAM OF THE VAUDEVILLES.

tenged to be confined in the Columbus pen-itentiary. If Mr. Pyle will look up the history of that case, he may learn something to his advantage. We read that one Samuel Alexander died in Belfast about eighty years ago, leaving "all his effects and vast fortune" to his hal brother, Henry, who had settled in West Virginia. "Henry," however, "never re-ceived one cent of this money, and for

eighty years it has lain in the Bank of England, the interest accumulating and compounding, until the amount due the heirs is over \$100,000,000." We are also told that "for almost eighty years the estate has been in charge of the English Court of Chancery." The three "heirs," now sep-tuagenarians, are grandchildren of Henry. They began to bid for the estate about three years ago. The Rev. George William Burgoyne Howard was then actively en-gaged in the estate industry. Their bidding was stimulated by the appearance at the home of Mr. Pyle, in Nashville, of "two men," who "proved to be agents from the English Court of Chancery in London," and who told him that the \$100,000,000 would be handed over to him if he could prove that he was Henry Alexander's grandson. Whereupon Mr. Pyle "immediately put himself in communication with an English lawyer"—a course that may have been suggested to him by the he turned and faced the congregation. two "agents"—and also employed attorneys in this country, who collected all the evievidence the heirs. we are "have been unable to get any of the money as yet." The English Court of Chancery (being a wretched foreign tribunal notoriously fond of making such propositions to honest claimants) "proposed a compromise," or a "divvy," through "an agent named Gunn," but Pyle would take nothing short

of the full \$100,000,000. He is "constantly in communication with the agent of the Court of Chancery, and his lawyers are of the opinion that it is only a question of a short time before the entire am be paid over." His sister, the one who lives in Tacoma, expects to receive her share "before snow flies," but "the family," we are informed by the Tacoma Ledger, "believe that the money will come in installments, as they realize that even the Bank of England could not pay over \$100,000,000

In Carthage, O., where the third "heir," (Mrs. McDonald) resides, there is another victim of English injustice and greed. So we are informed by the Chicago paper which has espoused the cause of the Alexander claimants:

"August Koehler, a shoemaker, is one of the heirs to a fortune of \$40,000,000 which is tangled up in the London Court of Chan-cery. Some years ago Koehler and some of the other heirs placed the matter in the hands of a lawyer, and, giving him \$500 for expenses, sent him over to London to in-vestigate. The lawyer went to London and shortly afterward sent for his family, who joined him there. Since that time nothing has been heard from him. Whether he was bought off or met with some accident was bought oil or met with some accident is a matter of conjecture."

If the English Court of Chancery did not "buy him off," he may have been murdered by the minions of that tribunal; but, if his name was Jaques and he was also agent for the American "heirs" of the

Lawrence-Townley estate of \$600,000,000, Koehler can find him in an English prison, to which he was sent for having deceived and defrauded those contributing "heirs" on this side of the Atlantic. It seems almost a pity that the bright dreams of the septuagenarian "heirs" of the Alexander estate should be rudely broken and dispelled by the cold truth that neither the Bank of England nor the Count of Chancery has time contact. of Chancery has \$100,000,000 or \$1,000,000 awaiting the establishment of their claim, but as one of these deluded claimants is selling his property to procure money for the legal and other expenses, the sooner they are enlightened the better. If they will not be convinced by the warning published repeatedly during the last ten years by the Court of Chancery and the Bank of England, they can procure at the State Department in Washington, or by application to the ambassador or the consul general of the United States in London, information that will prevent them from throwing away any more of the savings which should make them comfortable in their declining years.

Three Women Severely Burned. CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—The overturning of an oil steve last evening caused probably fatal injury to Miss Ella Milan and the severe burning of Miss Libbie Milan and Mrs. F. B. Warner. Miss Milan overturned the stove in attempting to remove bread from an oven. Her clothing caught fire and her screams brought her sister and Mrs. Warner to her assistance. They were burned while attempting to put out the flames.

# Selig's Bazaar Important Sale, Fall Season '95-96

Manufacturer's Stock

Lace Curtains Bought at less than half price. We have bought the goods cheap and we propose to sell them less than ever Lace Curtains were sold in the city. If you want a bargain in Lace Curtains you cannot afford to miss this sale. Read the prices

100 pairs Nottingham Lace, 3 yards long 

CHENILLE PORTIERES. 50 pairs Wool Chenille Curtains, 31/2 yards 

Dress Goods

20 pieces All-wool Serge, black and navy; 15 pieces All-wool Cashmere, all colors, now 23c; sold everywhere at 39c. 10 pieces All-wool Henrietta, 46 inches 15 pieces All-wool Cravenette, 46 inches wide, extra fine twill, worth 75c; now 47c. 2 pieces Navy Blue and Black Storm Serge one and one-half yards wide, regular value 15 pieces Black Novelty, Crepon and Satin

Silks and Velvets 2 pieces Peau de Soie Silk, \$1.25 quality; 2 pieces Duchess Satin, 30 inches wide, pure Silk, worth \$1.50; now 98c. 20 pieces Silk Velvet, all colors, 33c. 20 pieces Velveteen, all colors, 23c.

Berber effect, 75c quality; now 47c,

1,000 Calico, dark colors, 31/2c a yard. 1,500 Dark Flannelette, worth 121/2c; now 1,000 Apron Gingham, 61/2c quality; now 4c, 500 Dress Plaids, 10c quality; now for 5c. 1,000 yards Half-wool Novelties, always sold at 20c; now 121/2c. 5 pieces 8-4 Sheeting at 121/2c a yard.



No. 738. Four-button, box front, ripple No. 738. Four-button, box front, ripple back, Mandaline sleeve, latest Crepon Novelty, worth \$10%; now \$6.90.

Just received a very handsome line of Ladies' Fall Jackets, Capes, etc.; also full line of Children's and Misses' Jackets, Our prices are the very lowest.

Ladies' Suits of the very choicest cloths and latest designs. We have a few leaders at low prices that will pay you to see. An all-wool Suit, two-button, box front, extra wide skirt, now \$5.98.

Umbrellas

Corsets

50 Ladies' Umbrellas, worth \$1, for 59c. Hosiery and Underwear To close about 25 dozen Ladies' Summer Vests in ecru, light blue and pink; our 25c, 50c and 75c garments for this week 124c.

Ladies' Fast Black

Hermsdorf dyed Hose, high spliced heel and toe, regular 25c kind, for this week 13c. To close about 35 dozen Ladies' Colored Top Cotton Hose, worth at least 35c, for this week 17c.

We have the most complete Corset De-partment in Indianapolis. We sell all the

leading brands. We sell the best 50c Summer Corset ever shown. Come this week and take one as a sample for 29c and see our other lines. Laces and Veilings

Black Chantilly, Burdon, Point D'Iretrimmings at popular prices.

14-inch Tuxedo Veiling, worth 25c, black navy and white, 121/2c. Kid Gloves

Our Alexander warranted Lambskin 4-but-ton Glove is worth \$1.50; for this week 980.

100 Fans worth 15c go for 5c. 100 Fans worth 25c go for 13c. 100 Fans worth 50c go for 25c.

Handkerchiefs Ladies' 5c Colored Border Handkerchiefs Ladies' 10c Colored Border Handkerchiefs 50 dozen Men's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Union Linen, worth 15c, for 8 1-3c. Men's White Initial Handkerchiefs, pure

silk, full size, for 25c. Latest for Fall Season

Ladies' Crepe, Handkerchiefs, large size, tape border, in black, blue, white, yellow and other colors, worth \$1 each, go for this Men's Furnishings Dept

Men's Outing and Working Shirts-About 25 dozen in all odd sizes. If you can find your size you can have a \$1 shirt for 39c. Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers-Our entire line of summer underwear, worth from 50c to 75c, for this week 39c.

Men's Jean Drawers 19c.

Men's Unlaundered White Shirts 39c.

ONE SPECIAL lot Utica Nonpareil Muslin; all linen bosom; made double back and front; all sizes; 36 inches long; worth 1,50 each; our price this week 89c. \$1.50 each; our price this week 89c.

Perhaps the very best thing in Colored
Shirts is our new line; colored fancystriped bosom and white body; a very
pretty shirt; warranted fast; to introduce
this shirt our price will be 69c; worth \$1.25.

Men's Night Shirts 39c.

100 dozen Men's new fall Neckwear; the
latest patterns and designs; we have the
new large Teck, adjustable bows, shield
bows, club house ties; you can have your
choice for 25c.

choice for 25c. Electric brand Collars 121/2c. Earl & Wilson's (E. & W.) 10c. Linen Cuffs 10c a pair. MEN'S FALL UNDERWEAR ADVANCE

SALE-20 Per Cent. Less Than Regular

Notions Ladies' shopping bags 21c. Ladies' Chattling bags 19c. Ladies' leather belts 48c. Ladies' silk belts 19c. Feather boas, 50 inches long, 98c. uttermilk soap 5c. Side combs 10c.

Comforts and Blankets Advance Sale

150 Comforts, winter price \$1; now 79c, 100 Comforts, winter price \$1.50; now 50c, 100 pair 10-4 Blankets at 47c a pair, 50 pair All-wool Red Blankets, 10-4 circ. pow \$1.98 a pair; worth \$2.50.

109 and III South Illinois Street.

SELIG'S BAZAAR

No Nerves Quaking No Heart Palpitating No Dyspeptic Aching